

BLONDE PHANTOM

COMICS

NOW FOR THE
LAST TIME---ARE
YOU GOING TO
TELL ME WHERE
I CAN FIND THE
**BLONDE
PHANTOM,**
OR---!!!

YOU CAN CALL
YOUR GORILLA
OFF NOW, SISTER!
YOU WANTED
ME, AND **HERE
I AM!**

ALL RIGHT,
WISE-GUY---
THIS IS IT!

I'LL **NEVER** TELL---
YOU'LL NEVER
LAY YOUR FILTHY
HANDS ON THE
**BLONDE
PHANTOM---
NEVER!**



BLONDE PHANTOM

**THE BLONDE PHANTOM ENTANGLES HERSELF IN A CASE OF BLACKMAIL PLUS VIOLENT DEATH WHEN SHE MATCHES WITS WITH THE...
"BEST MAN FOR MURDER!"**



1806

EARLY ONE EVENING, IN THE OUTER OFFICE OF THE MARK MASON DETECTIVE AGENCY...

I'M JOAN HOLMAN—
MR. MASON IS EXPECTING
ME!

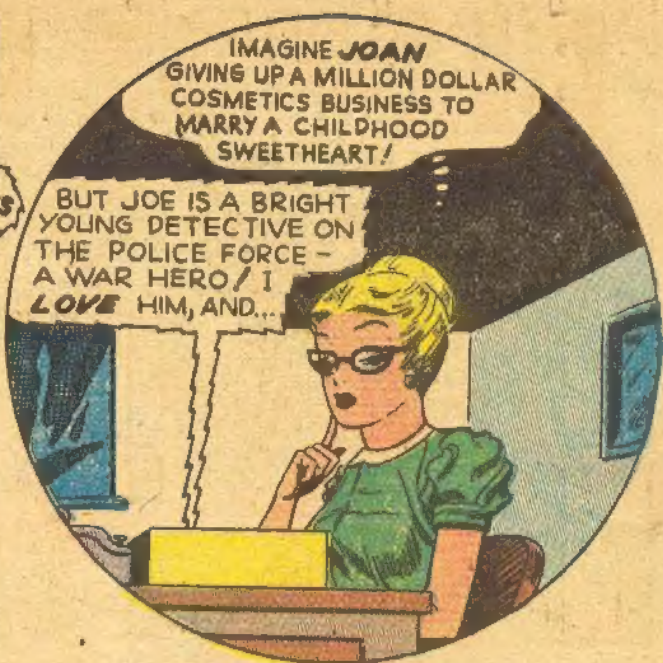
WILL YOU WAIT ONE
MINUTE, PLEASE?
I'LL TELL MR. MASON
YOU'RE HERE!



COME RIGHT IN, JOAN!
I WAS JUST THINKING
ABOUT YOU!

THANKS,
MARK!





MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN,
PIETRO IS ALREADY BUSY WITH A CALLER...

WHAT COLOSSAL
BLUNDERING, PIETRO
ILLUMINATING
MY VILLAINY
WITH A
FLASH
BULB!

I TELL YOU,
VAN GLINT, NOBODY
SAW ANYTHING,
EXCEPT ME!
EVERY BODY
IN FRONT OF
THE BULB
WAS BLINDED!

SO, NOW GIVE ME THE RUBY YOU SO NEATLY
HID IN YOUR CAMERA!

NOT SO FAST,
FANCY PANTS!

SOMETHING
NEITHER YOU NOR THE
POLICE KNOWS IS THE FACT
THAT I ACTUALLY **DID TAKE**
A PICTURE OF YOU KILLING
CECILY HARDING!

DEAR ME-
NO!

DEAR ME-**YES!** AND YOU
KNOW HOW MUCH SUCH
A PICTURE INCREASES
THE VALUE OF THE
RUBY I HELPED
TO STEAL!

I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE
TRYING TO BLACKMAIL
ME!

HOWEVER, I EXPECTED
THIS VERY THING! AND
ALREADY I HAVE
RETRIEVED THE PHOTO
NEGATIVES YOU
CHECKED IN A
PUBLIC LOCKER!

HEY, VAN GLINT-
DON'T GET SORE!

NO-O-O! PLEASE!
OH-H...

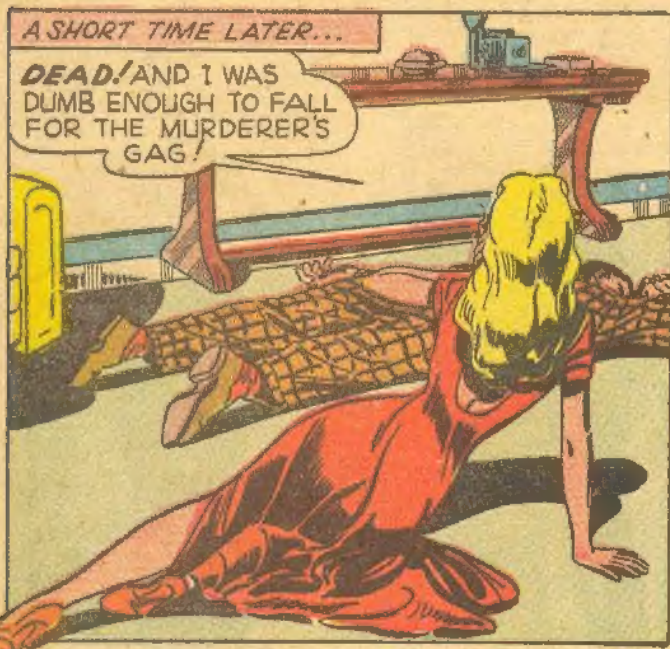
ONLY A
SILENCED AUTOMATIC
MAKES A SOUND
LIKE THAT!



PIETRO - *SHOT!* AND
SOMEBODY JUST DASHED
OUT THE FIRE ESCAPE!



HA! THE OPEN
WINDOW SERVED ITS
PURPOSE OF DIVERTING YOUR
ATTENTION, MY DEAR, SINCE
THERE IS *NO* FIRE ESCAPE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

DEAD! AND I WAS
DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL
FOR THE MURDERER'S
GAG!



I WONDER HOW
THOROUGHLY THE
POLICE SEARCHED
PIETRO'S CAMERA
THE NIGHT OF
THE MURDER?



PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING HERE IN
PIETRO'S PAPERS... *UH?*



JOE BRAND, HIMSELF! AND WHAT
BRINGS *YOU* CALLING ON PIETRO'S
CORPSE?

PIETRO DEAD?
B-BUT HOW?

COULD **THIS** BE THE REASON
JOE? AN I.O.U. SIGNED
BY YOU?

NO! I MEAN, YES! BUT I
SWEAR THAT NOTE HAS
NOTHING TO DO WITH
PIETRO'S DEATH!



DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!
I ONLY CAME HERE TO ASK
PIETRO NOT TO
SAY ANYTHING
ABOUT THE \$2800
AT A TIME, LIKE
THIS!

I SEE!

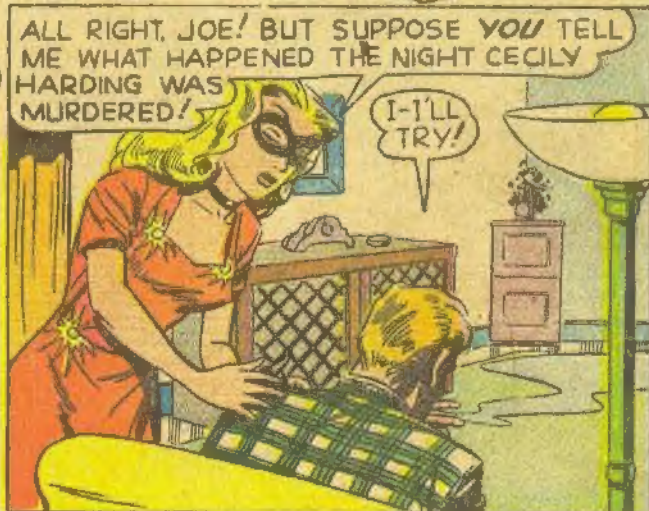


IT WAS A GAMBLING DEBT! DURING THE
WAR I STOPPED OVER IN RIO FOR A COUPLE
OF DAYS! I GOT INTO A GAME WITH
BOTH **VAN GLINT**
AND PIETRO...
LOST HEAVILY!
SO I SIGNED
THIS NOTE!



ALL RIGHT, JOE! BUT SUPPOSE **YOU** TELL
ME WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT CECILY
HARDING WAS
MURDERED!

I-I'LL
TRY!



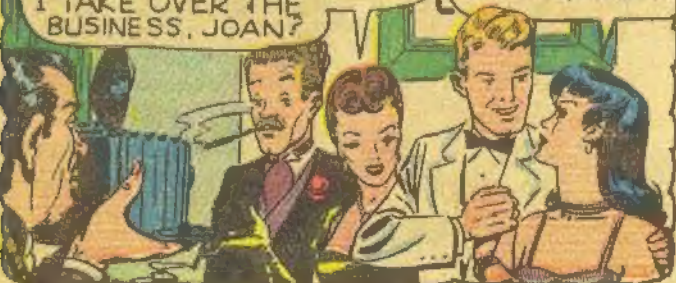
DEAR-DEAR! MY LITTLE
PRINCESS JOANIE
LOSES HER HEART,
AND I, **VAN GLINT**, LOSE
A WONDERFUL BOSS!

IT'S JUST
TRADING ONE
MANAGER
FOR ANOTHER,
EDWARD!

"WE WERE ALL STANDING AROUND WAITING FOR
THE PAPERS TO BE SIGNED TRANSFERRING
JOAN'S BUSINESS TO
CECILY HARDING..."

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH
ALL YOUR TALENTS WHEN
I TAKE OVER THE
BUSINESS, JOAN?

MARRIAGE
TAKES A GREAT
DEAL OF
TALENT, CECILY!



"AND JUST AT THAT MOMENT,
THE ROOM BLACKED OUT..."



"THEN THERE WAS A SCREAM
FROM CECILY, AND PIETRO'S
FLASH BULB WENT OFF—
BLINDING US ALL!"

"AND WHEN JOAN LIT THE CANDLES, THERE WAS CECILY,
MURDERED!"



"AND THAT WAS WHERE I MADE MY BIG MISTAKE..."

I NEVER SHOULD
HAVE LEFT THE
ROOM ALONE,
EVEN IF I **WAS**
A POLICE
DETECTIVE
OFF DUTY!

OFFICER,
I'M SURE
SOMETHING IS
WRONG IN
APARTMENT
10-D!



JOE BRAND/
AND THE
BLONDE
PHANTOM!

AND ANOTHER
MURDER VICTIM,
CHARLIE

CAN'T HELP JOE
MUCH NOW! I'D
BETTER SNEAK
AWAY!



NO BRIGHT POLICE DETECTIVE WOULD PULL
SUCH BONERS IF HE TURNED TO CRIME!
WHICH MAKES ME
BELIEVE THERE
IS **ANOTHER**
ANGLE TO
MARK MASON'S
CASE!



SHORTLY... SORRY, BLONDE PHANTOM, I CAN'T
THEN TELL JOAN TO SHOOT, MAKE IT!
RIGHT DOWN
TO HER
OFFICE,
MARK!





BEFORE YOU SHOOT US, I SHOULD
LOVE TO POWDER MY NOSE!

DEAR ME!



YOU'RE **NOT** SO CLEVER, **VAN GLINT**, IF YOU FELL
FOR **THAT!** AS THEY SAY, "THE BEST LAID
PLANS OF MICE AND MEN
OFT GO ASTRAY!"

A-CHOO!
I-I CAN'T
SEE!



AND THAT'S FOR
SLUGGING ME IN
PIETRO'S APARTMENT!



WE SHOULD FIND OUR
KILLER HERE IN HIS
OFFICE! **WHA...?**

OH, HELLO,
MARK!



LOOK! A PHOTO NEGATIVE
OF **VAN GLINT** STABBING
CECILY! I DUG IT UP IN
VAN GLINT'S
APARTMENT!

EXCELLENT
SLEUTHING, MARK!
AND **HERE** IS YOUR
VILLAIN READY TO BE
TIED INTO A GUILTY
BUNDLE OF MURDER,
ROBBERY, AND
EMBEZZLEMENT!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

MY TIE ALL RIGHT,
LOUISE? I HAVE TO
LOOK MY BEST, YOU
KNOW, STANDING UP
FOR **JOE BRAND** AT
THE ALTAR.

IF ONLY WE KNEW
WHERE TO GET
HOLD OF **BLONDE**
PHANTOM! I'M
SURE SHE'D
LOVE BEING
JOAN'S MAID
OF HONOR,
ESPECIALLY WITH
SUCH A HANDSOME
BEST MAN
PRESENT!



THE END

BLONDE PHANTOM

BAH! NO GLAMOUR GIRLS FOR ME! GIVE ME THE SWEET, SIMPLE TYPE EVERY TIME!

BAH! NO PLAIN GIRLS FOR ME! THE GLAMOUR GALS ARE MORE MY TYPE!

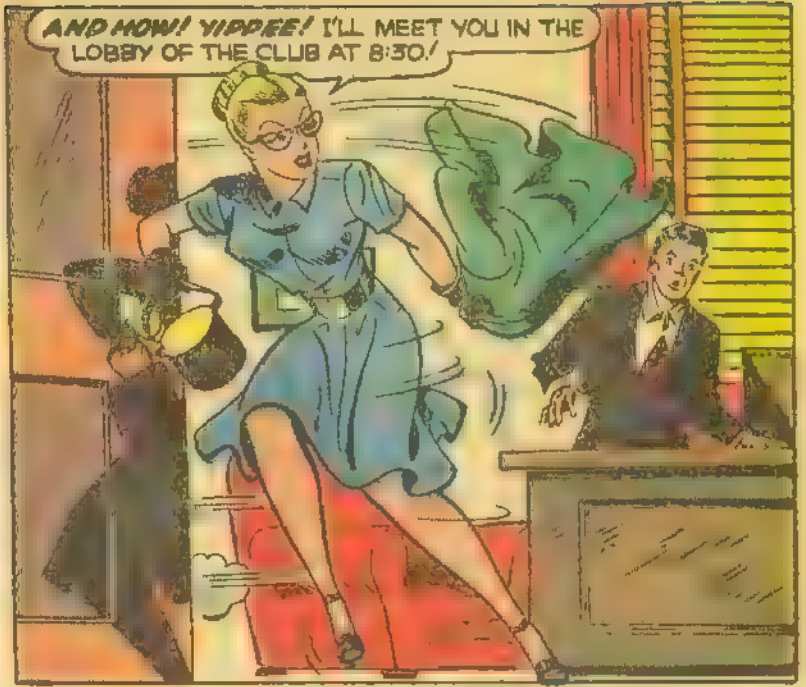
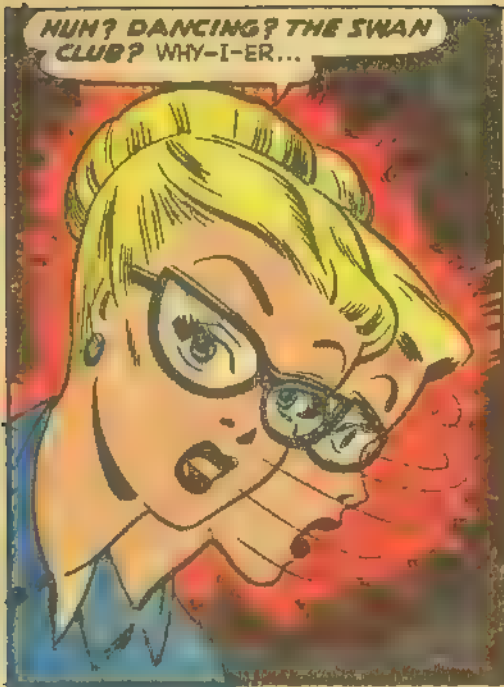
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FIVE P.M., AND THE OFFICE OF PRIVATE DETECTIVE MARK MASON CLOSES FOR THE DAY...

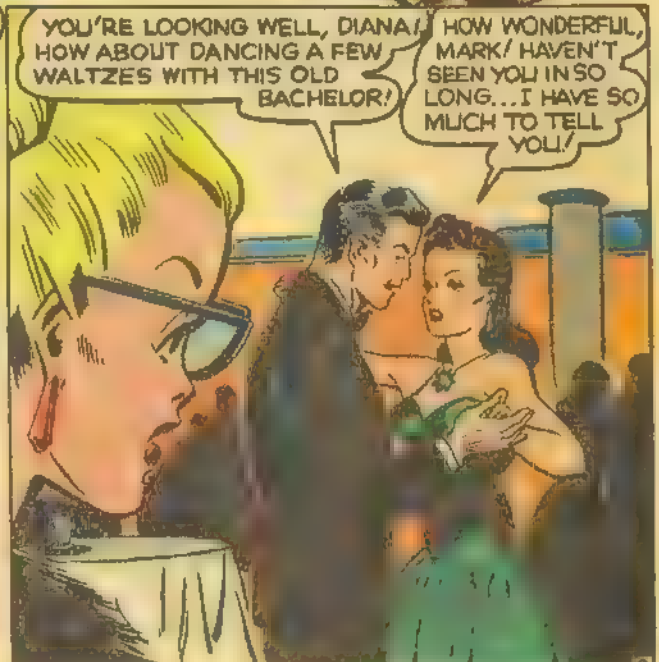
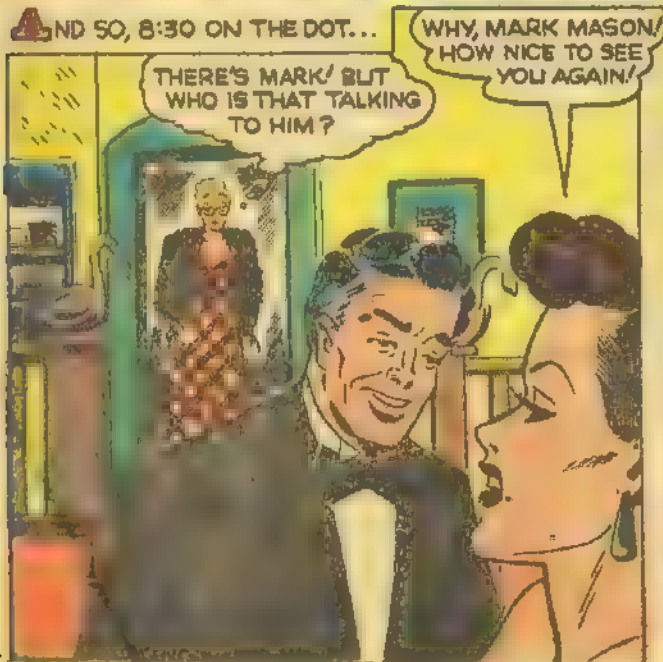
GOSH, WISH I COULD GO OUT AND HAVE FUN TONIGHT! BUT NO DATE! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BE SATISFIED WITH A MOVIE!

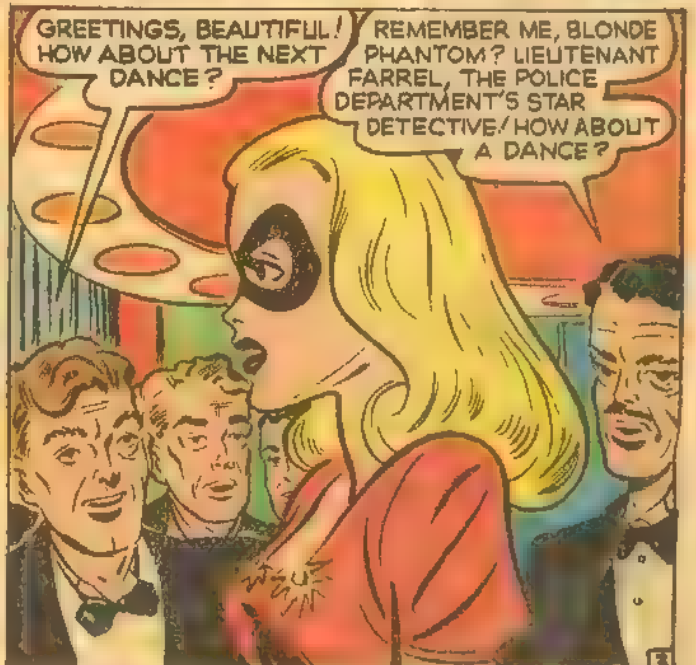
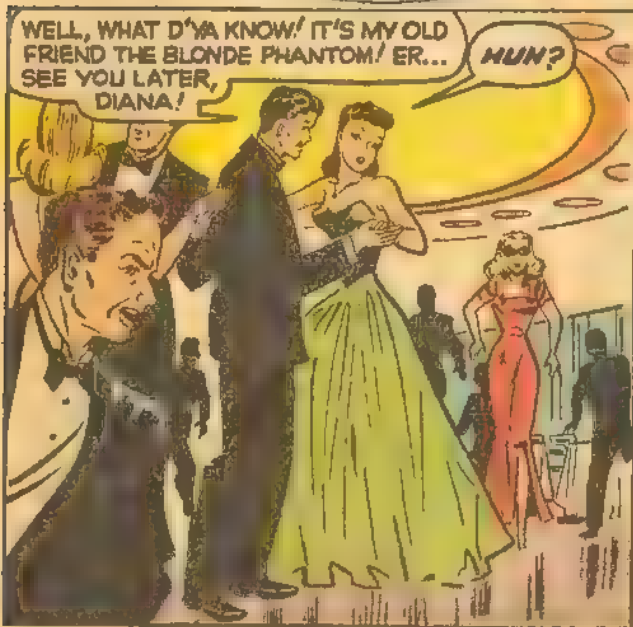
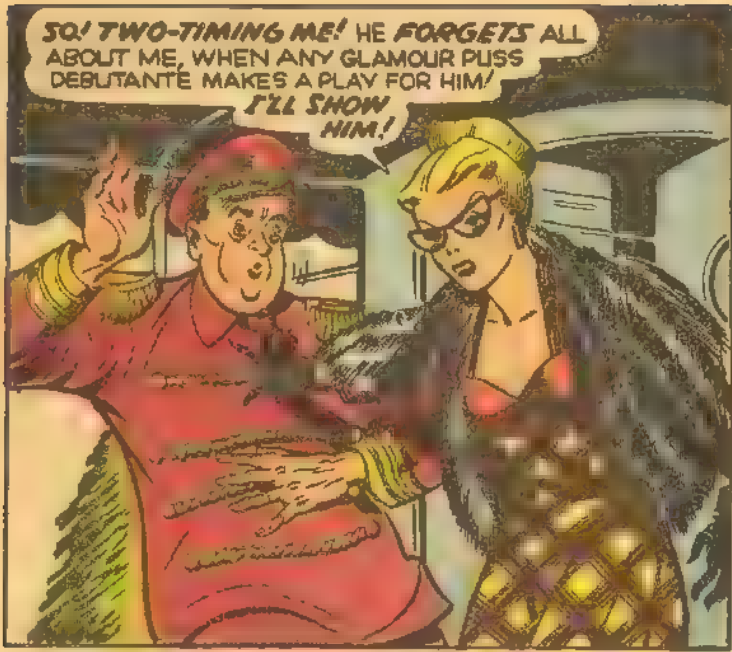
SAY, LOUISE, I'VE NEVER TAKEN YOU OUT DANCING, IN ALL THE MONTHS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR ME! HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE SWAN CLUB WITH ME TONIGHT?

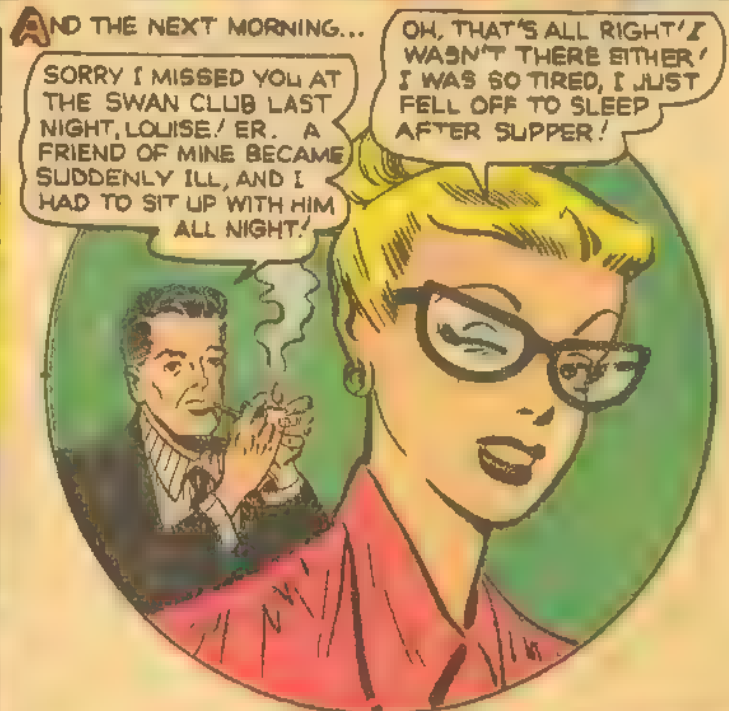
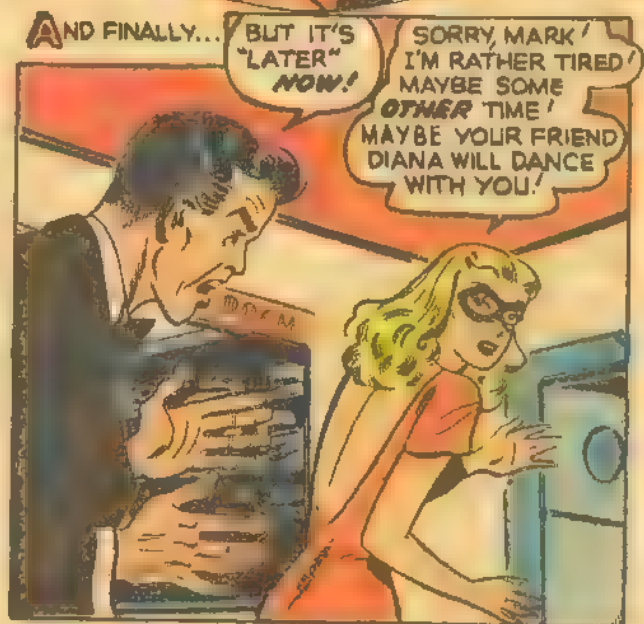
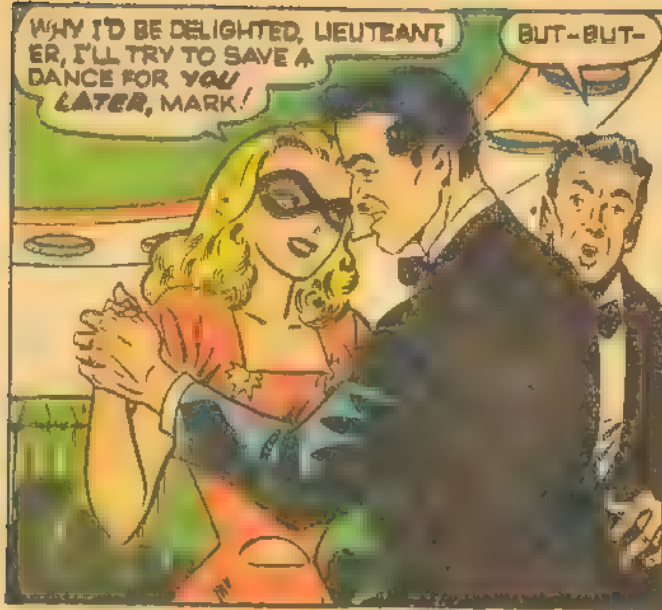
NO, I DON'T THINK I...

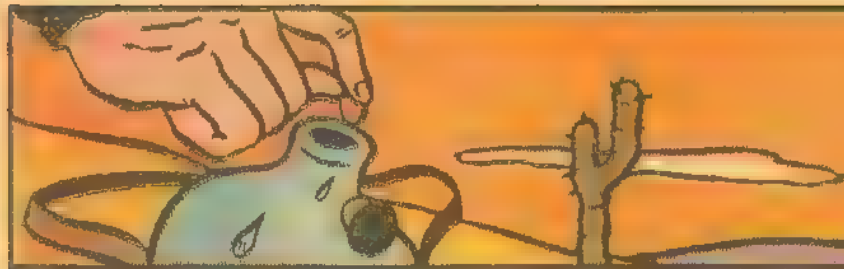


AND SO LOUISE PREPARES FOR THE GREAT EVENT!









DESERT DEATH

"**G**OOLD," one of the men sighed reverently under his breath, "Gold!"

The sun beat down out of an azure sky, and the three men, dirty, unshaven, sweat-grimed, looked at the base of the gulley. A vein of molten yellow showed plainly on one of the rocks.

"The end of the hunt, Devers. We've found it . . . enough to make us all rich for life!"

Devers knelt by the vein, broke off a piece of the quartz and held it in his hand. The streaks of yellow glistened and danced in the blinding sunlight. His blood-shot eyes narrowed as he stared at the nugget.

Kirk, the youngest of the three men, smiled grimly as he watched. It had been a long weary hunt ever since he had gone into partnership with the other two. He had had enough money saved to finance the party, and he had gone against his better judgment. They had wandered from place to place, and now this was their reward—wealth beyond their wildest dreams!

"Well, what do we do now?" Randall, the oldest asked. "Are we gonna mine it right off, or go back for a claimstake and some heavy equipment so we can do the job right?"

"One of us better go back and file claim at the government office first," Kirk answered. "That's the only safe way."

"Yeah, but who? I ain't leavin' this spot!"

"Me neither," growled Randall, "I'm stayin' right here."

Kirk smiled. "All right, I'll go, but not until morning. It's a long dusty hike and I need some rest." Kirk took a swig of water from the canteen fastened about his waist.

"Better go easy on that water, kid," Devers said, "you only got enough to make it back to town. The last water hole is a long way from here . . . and in another direction."

"I know," Kirk replied calmly, "but I'm thirsty now. I'll make it okay, don't worry."

He unslung his gun belt, heavy .45 and canteen, laying them on the ground near the fire. Then he threw his blanket on the ground a few yards away, laid down on it, and rolled it about his shoulders.

Randall followed Kirk's procedure, but Devers sat for a long while, smoking a cigarette by the dying campfire. Finally he made his pack and layed down.

Shortly after midnight one of the sleeping men stirred cautiously. It was Randall. Softly he rose to his feet, and crouching, moved swiftly across the small space to where Kirk had left his water canteen. He unscrewed the top and dropped a small, white, oval-shaped pellet into it. Then replacing the top, he laid the canteen down and returned to his blanket.

The night wore on towards morning. And then another of the men stirred. This time it was Devers. He reached Kirk's canteen, picked it up, and with a twisting motion began to bore a small hole in the bottom with his pocket knife. Devers felt a drop of water fall upon his palm and was satisfied.

In the morning Kirk made ready to leave. He shook hands with the other two.

"Good luck, kid," Randall said, "hurry back. We'll be waitin'."

"Yeah, we'll be 'waitin'," Devers echoed, his thin lips twisting in a grin. Apparently Kirk didn't suspect anything.

"Be back in a week or so. Keep everything under control."

Kirk started off, and they watched him go, until finally he disappeared from sight.

Devers and Randall prepared for the long wait until Kirk would return. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Finally Devers spoke in a harsh voice. "Well, are we gonna sit around like this 'till he gets back? We better see if we can find some food . . . and water."

Randall's mouth twitched as Devers mentioned water, and his eyes narrowed suspiciously. Had Devers seen him when he drop-

ped the poison capsule in Kirk's canteen? Instinctively his hand moved toward his gun, then, thinking better of it, he changed his mind.

But Devers had seen the slight motion. And he was also thinking. Had Randall seen him bore that hole in Kirk's canteen? He didn't know, but he realized that something was wrong somewhere, and that Randall would have to be watched—carefully.

Thus, suspicion had been born in each of them.

Toward noon Randall was more suspicious of Devers than ever. He had been acting strangely all morning, and there seemed only one logical reason for his actions—he must have seen what happened last night!

"Think Kirk will make it to town okay?" he asked casually.

Devers was leaning against one of the rocks along the side of the canyon. "Why shouldn't he?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Randall scratched his nose lazily. "He doesn't know much about the desert. Maybe he'll get lost."

"But he can find his way back to town, and you know it."

"I don't know. I got a feeling he won't make it."

Devers straightened. Tension mounted between the two men as though there were a coiled invisible spring ready to crack. "Let's quit beating around the bush. Just what are you getting at?"

A grim smile creased Randall's lips. "You know, don't you? You saw me last night."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about!"

"Don't give me any of that stuff. You saw me poison Kirk's water canteen!"

Now it was Devers' turn to smile. "That's funny," he said slowly, "It's very funny, because I bored a hole in the canteen shortly before dawn. That water will all leak out!"

Randall stepped forward without realizing he was moving. "It's a cinch he won't make it to town now. He'll die on the way, but which one of us killed him? If he drinks the water before it leaks out, *I did*. But if he doesn't, and dies of thirst, *you did*!"

"We'll never know until the body is found," Devers said grimly. "One of us is a murderer!"

They were standing only a few yards apart now. There was no trust left between them. The gold would be divided among the two, but how much better it would be if there were only one.

Like a striking cobra, Randall went for his gun, and Devers was almost as fast. The two shots were so close together as to sound almost like one. Then Devers coughed and blood spilled down the corner of his cheek onto his neck. Randall clutched his stomach with his left hand and looked down in amazement to see his life spilling away between his fingers...

Silence brooded over the desert as the sun beat down on the prostrate bodies of the two men on the broiling sand...

... From between two boulders near the top of the canyon, Kirk looked down on the scene. Somehow he felt like laughing.

It had been terribly difficult, staying awake last night, tired as he was, but he'd managed it. He had to, because he was suspicious and afraid of Devers and Randall. He'd been that way since the first time, three months ago when they met and started out into the desert together.

And so he'd seen them, each in turn, tamper with his water canteen. Just what they'd done he wasn't sure, but he knew it couldn't have been anything designed to do him any good. Now Randall and Devers were dead, killed by their own greed.

Kirk took a long swig of water out of his canteen. No, not the one that had been poisoned, but the extra one. The one he had kept hidden under his vest and had filled to the brim at the last water hole.

He rose slowly to his feet and started down toward the two bodies. Reaching them, he knelt and unbuckled their water canteens. Each was almost full. He snapped them about his waist. Now he had more than enough water to make it safely to town. And Devers and Randall would mark the spot for him. They wouldn't be going anywhere.

Already the vultures were circling overhead, dark vicious shadows wheeling high against the sun. Kirk shuddered momentarily, thinking how close it had been.

Then he rose to his feet and started the long trek towards town.

THE END

SL-1746

SUB-MARINER



SL-2580

ONCE AGAIN NAMOR, NAMORA, AND BETTY DEAN
COMBINE FORCES TO AID THE F.B.I. AGAINST
A NOTORIOUS GANG OF NAUTICAL HIJACKERS, IN
THE

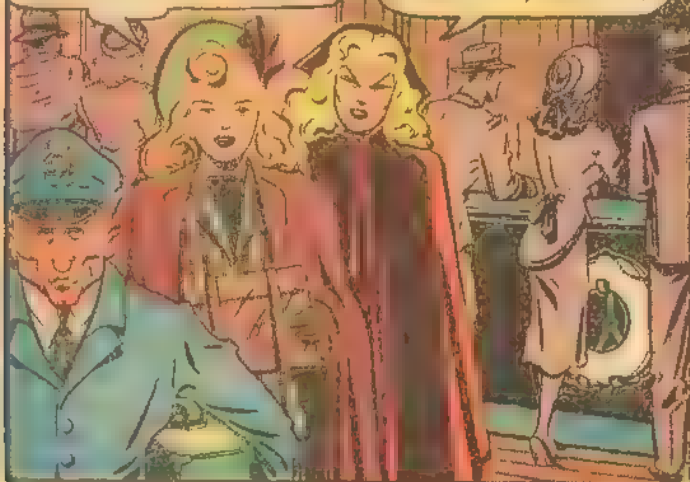
CASE
OF THE

"DEEP SEA SWINDLE!"

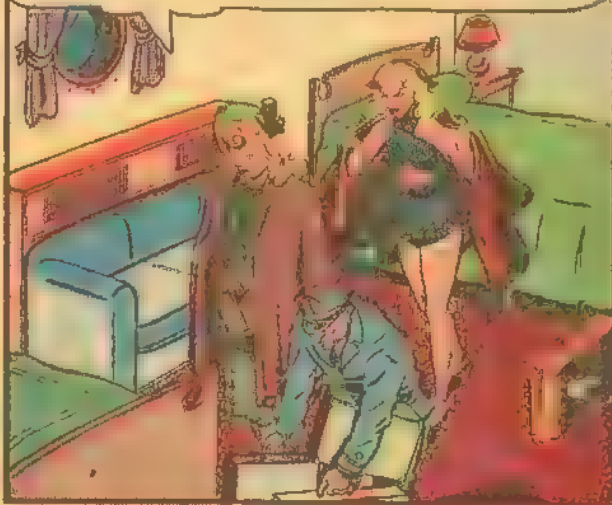
ON THE DECK OF A SMALL LINER, ABOUT TO SAIL
FOR CENTRAL AMERICA ...

THIS IS A GOVERNMENT
ASSIGNMENT, NAMORA -
STRICTLY HUSH HUSH!

DOES **SUB-
MARINER** KNOW
ABOUT IT, BETTY?



YES! THEY GAVE ME THE JOB OF CARRYING
THESE PAPERS CONCERNING A TRANSFER
OF GOLD BULLION TO THIS CENTRAL
AMERICAN COUNTRY, AND **NAMOR** IS ON
THE ESCORT SHIP WITH THE GOLD ITSELF!



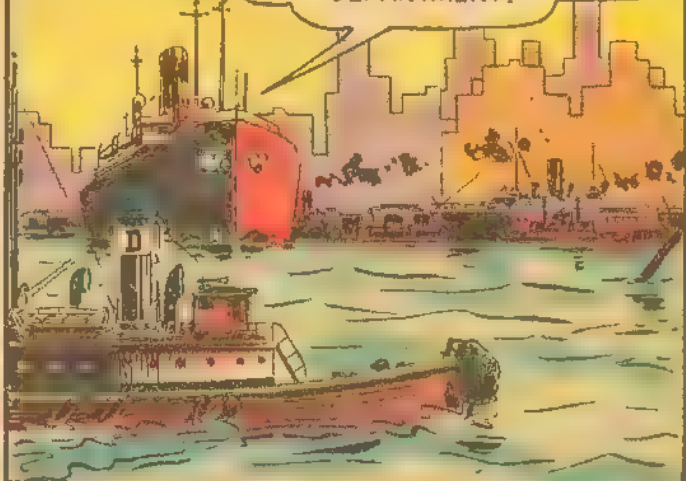
BUT WHY DID
THEY PICK YOU
FOR AN ERRAND
BOY?

THEY FIGURED ANY
WOULD-BE HIJACKERS
WOULD NEVER SUSPECT
A WOMAN OF BEING A
DIPLOMATIC COURIER!



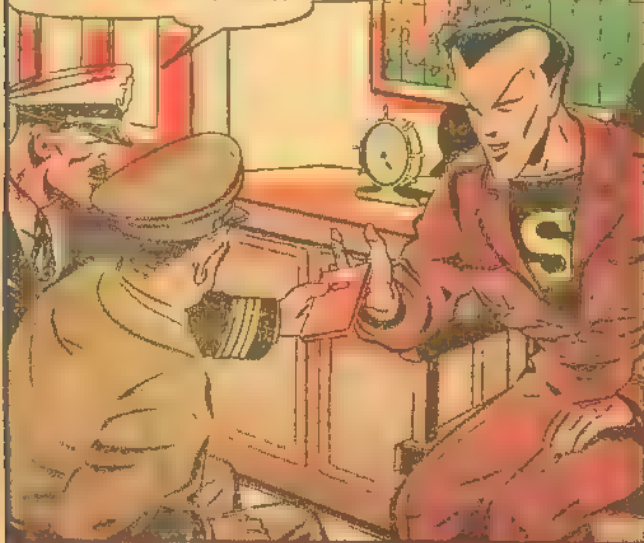
MEANWHILE -- NOT FAR AWAY --

CAPT. SAUNDERS? I'M TO SHIP WITH YOU AS
SUPERCARGO - HERE ARE MY PAPERS, AND
A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM THE STATE
DEPARTMENT!



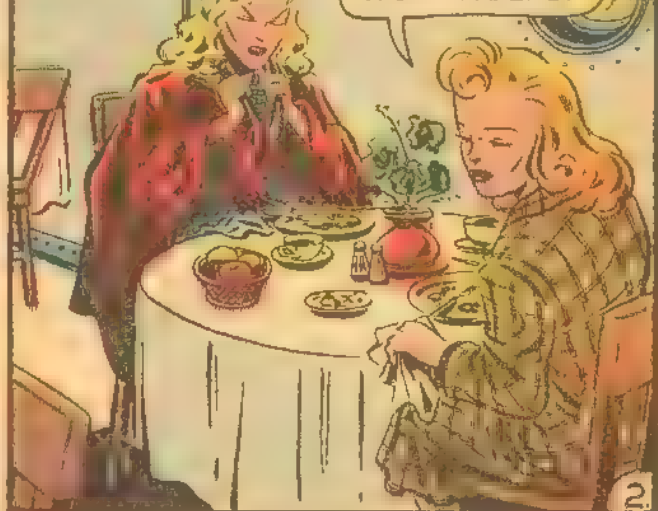
VERY GOOD, **SUB-MARINER**! GLAD
TO HAVE YOU ABOARD! MR. PIERCE,
OUR FIRST MATE, WILL SHOW
YOU TO YOUR CABIN!

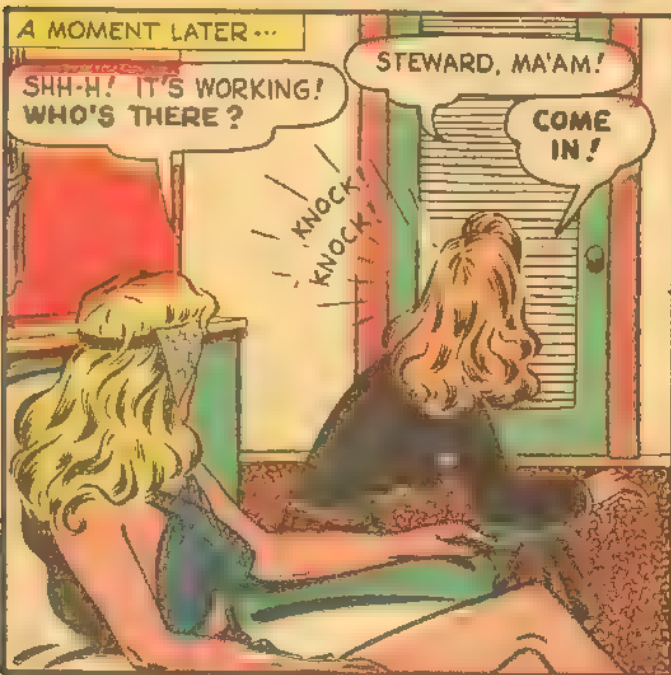
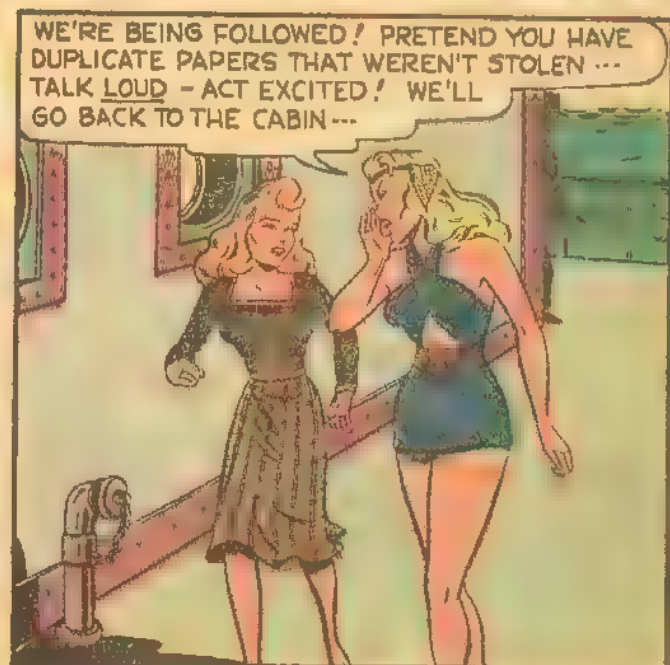
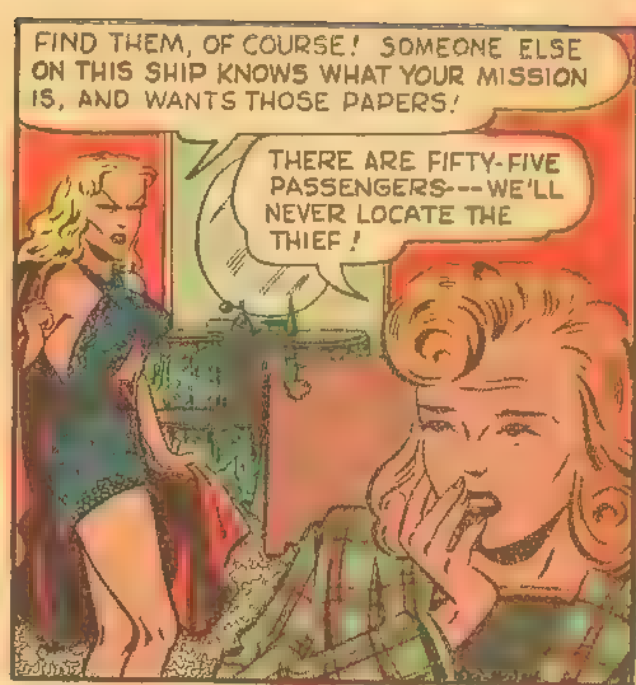
THANKS,
SIR!



AND BACK ON
THE LINER --

I'VE HAD ENOUGH, NAMORA -
LET'S GET BACK TO THE
STATEROOM! I'M A
LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT
THOSE PAPERS!





FOLLOWING NAMORA'S PLAN, BETTY DEAN GIVES THE INTRUDER AN OFFICIAL ENVELOPE ...

H-HERE YOU ARE, MISTER-
W-WHAT'S THE IDEA?

SHUT UP,
SISTER, AN'
CLOSE THE
DOOR!

COME ON, BETTY! WE
CAN TRAIL HIM BEFORE
HE FINDS OUT HE'S GOT
NOTHING BUT BLANK
PAPERS!

B-BUT SUPPOSE
HE HAS FRIENDS
ON THE SHIP!

HUSH! LISTEN!
I THINK YOU'VE
GOT SOMETHING
THERE!

SO YOU FOUND DUPLICATES,
MURPHY? GOOD! NOW ---
WHAT ABOUT THE GIRLS?
I WANT THEM BOTH
HERE!

TRAPPED IN THE NARROW COMPANIONWAY, BETTY
AND NAMORA ARE UNABLE TO ESCAPE ...

HERE THEY
ARE!

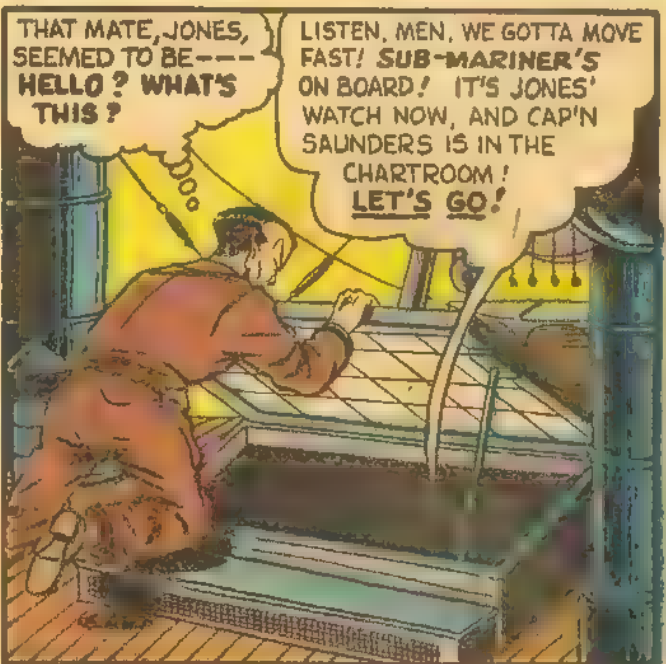
COME TO PAPA,
BABY!

THEY OFFER VIGOROUS - BUT FUTILE RESISTANCE ---

OH-HO! SCRAPPY LITTLE
KITTENS, EH?

TAKE IT EASY,
BEAUTIFUL!

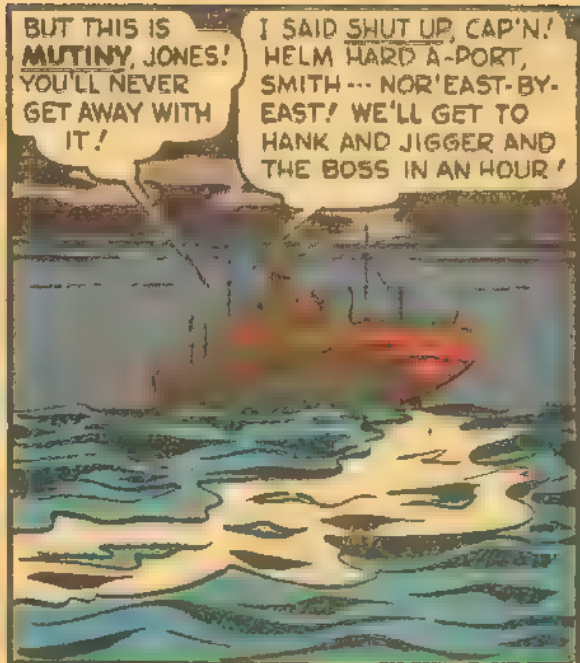
WELL, WELL! WHAT A LOVELY PAIR OF DOLLS!
LEAVE 'EM COOL OFF, JIGGER, AND SEND THE
BOYS TO TAKE OVER THE BRIDGE! IT'S
TIME WE HAD OUR FUN!





MISTER JONES!
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF THIS?

SHUT UP, SKIPPER! FISHFACE IS
RIGHT! WE'RE TAKING OVER!
LOCK 'EM UP BELOW, LADS!



BUT THIS IS
MUTINY, JONES!
YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
IT!

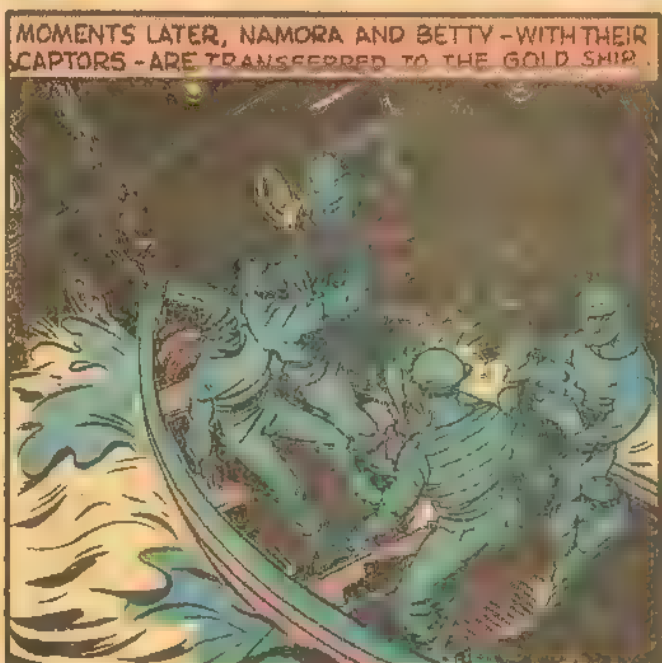
I SAID SHUT UP, CAP'N!
HELM HARD A-PORT,
SMITH --- NOR'EAST-BY-
EAST! WE'LL GET TO
HANK AND JIGGER AND
THE BOSS IN AN HOUR!



AND AS THE SHIP'S CHRONOMETER CHIMES OUT
EIGHT BELLS - MIDNIGHT, THE TWO SHIPS MEET...

AHOY, JONES!
READY?

LOWER AWAY,
HANK! WE'LL PICK
UP YOUR GIG ON THE
AFT STARBOARD
CRANE!



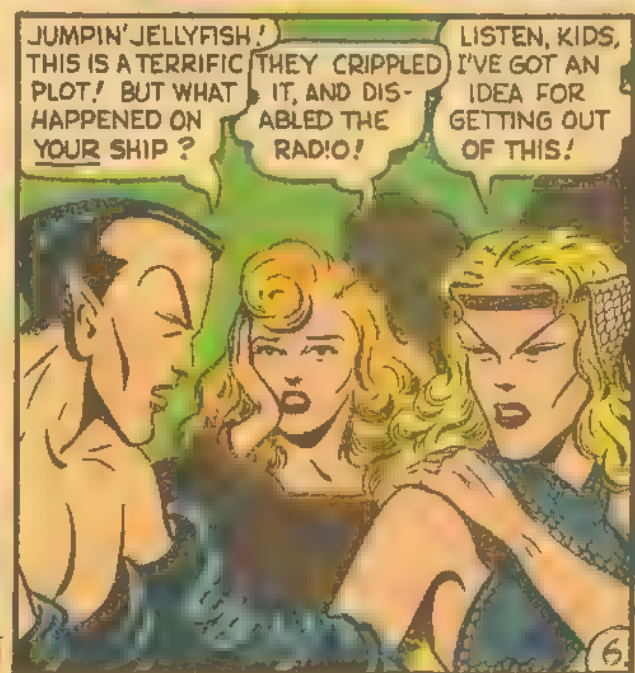
MOMENTS LATER, NAMORA AND BETTY - WITH THEIR
CAPTORS - ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE GOLD SHIP.



... AND THROWN INTO NAMOR'S IMPROVISED CELL ...

GET GOIN', YOU TWO!

BETTY! NAMORA!
HOW ON EARTH ---???



JUMPIN' JELLYFISH!
THIS IS A TERRIFIC
PLOT! BUT WHAT
HAPPENED ON
YOUR SHIP?

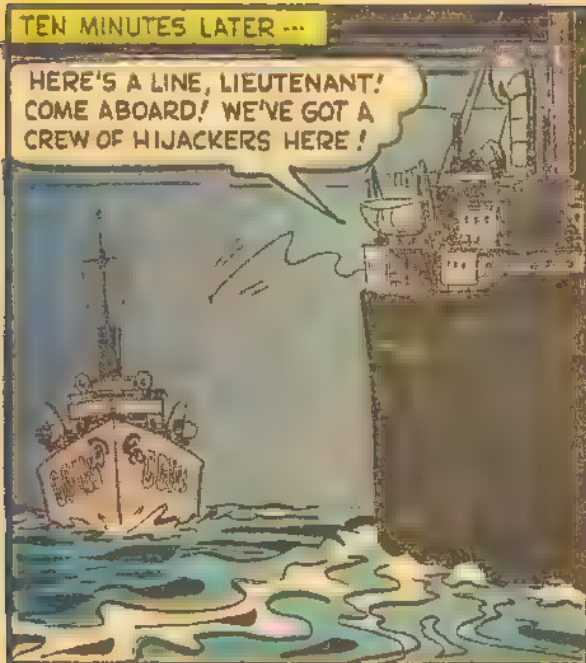
THEY CRIPPLED
IT, AND DIS-
ABLED THE
RADIO!

LISTEN, KIDS,
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA FOR
GETTING OUT
OF THIS!

A cartoon illustration of a man in a white shirt and tie standing on a bridge, looking down at a woman in a red dress who is lying on the ground. A speech bubble from the man says "ON THE BRIDGE!".

TEN MINUTES LATER --

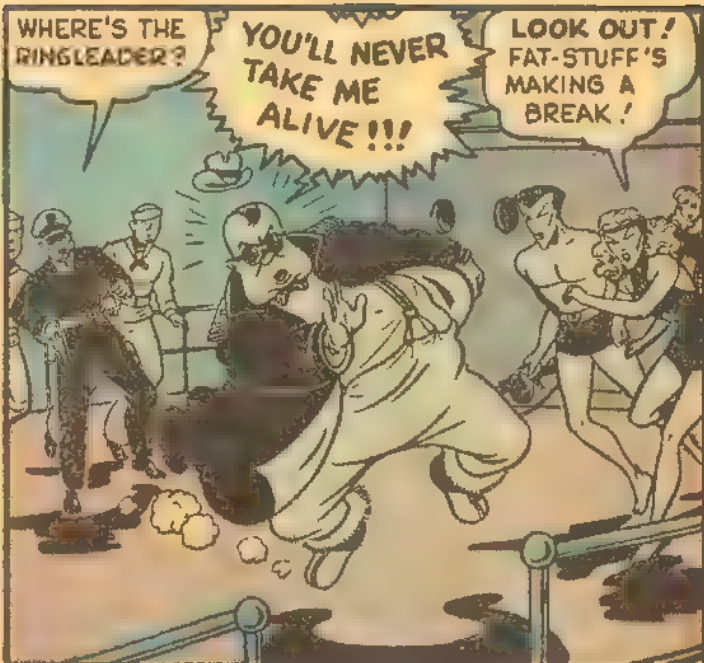
HERE'S A LINE, LIEUTENANT!
COME ABOARD! WE'VE GOT A
CREW OF HIJACKERS HERE!



WHERE'S THE
RINGLEADER?

YOU'LL NEVER
TAKE ME
ALIVE!!!

LOOK OUT!
FAT-STUFF'S
MAKING A
BREAK!



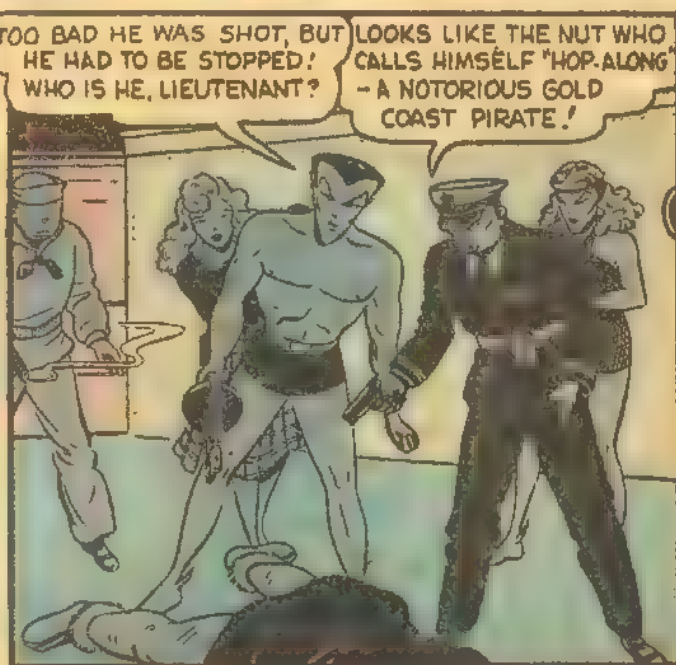
HEY, YOU!
COME BA--

ONE SIDE,
SIR! I'VE
GOT 'IM!



TOO BAD HE WAS SHOT, BUT
HE HAD TO BE STOPPED!
WHO IS HE, LIEUTENANT?

LOOKS LIKE THE NUT WHO
CALLS HIMSELF "HOP-ALONG"
-- A NOTORIOUS GOLD
COAST PIRATE!



WELL, HE'S HARMLESS
NOW! WHAT CAN YOU
DO ABOUT THE OTHER
SHIP THAT WAS SET
ADRIFT, LIEUTENANT?

WE'LL SEND ANOTHER
CUTTER FOR IT, SIR! YOU
CAN COME WITH US AND
MAKE YOUR REPORT TO
THE F.B.I. THROUGH OUR
COMMANDANT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY --

SUB-MARINER, YOU AND NAMORA AND MISS
DEAN ARE OFFICIALLY COMMENDED BY THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THIS
CONSPICUOUS SERVICE TO
YOUR COUNTRY! MAY I
CONGRATULATE YOU
ALL?

THANK YOU,
SIR!



STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

When political independence is achieved by a people, postal paper invariably is issued which reflects such transition. So it is now with Burma, which was a British possession in Asia and which was part of India prior to April of 1937.

Burma's attainment of freedom from Great Britain on Jan. 6, 1948, is accompanied by a definitive series of postal stamps which reflect the circumstances that Burma is now a sovereign nation in its own right.

The Burmese postal administration has selected as the central design of Burma's new stamps a portrait of a man who sacrificed his life in behalf of the people he led—U Aung San, an Army General who was Burma's Premier.

After Britain promised Burma independence, following the defeat of the Japanese who had invaded Burma during World War Two, the Burmese set up what was known as an "Interim Government" to prepare for the day (this Jan. 6) of freedom. U Aung San was chairman of the Executive Council which exercised political control during the interim period, and his title was Prime Minister.

On July 19, 1947, gunmen representing U Aung San's enemies forced their way into the legislative chamber while the executive body was in session at Rangoon, Burma's capital city. The gunmen sprayed the room with bullets, and U Aung San and five other interim leaders were assassinated. So it was logical that the Burmese should, with reverence, place U Aung San's likeness on the first definitive stamps.

U Aung San was born in 1914. When Japanese forces first penetrated Burma he favored their cause for a time but he soon became disillusioned and joined the British as leader of the Burmese National Army, the resistance force against the Japanese.

The definitive stamps bearing U Aung San's portrait replaced a series which had been temporarily in use. That provisional postal group comprises Burma's 1946 stamps (issued while Burma was part of the British Empire and carrying a portrait of King George VI) overprinted with native characters signifying "Interim Government." Denominations and colors of the stamps in the provisional interim series are 3-pies brown, 6p violet, 9p dull green, 1-anna deep blue, 1½s salmon, 2s carmine, 2s6p greenish blue, 3s blue-violet, 3s6p ultramarine and gray-black, 4s rose-lilac, 8s deep magenta, 1-rupee deep magenta and dark violet, 2r salmon and red-brown, 5r red-brown and dark green, 10r dark violet and carmine.

WE WANT TO GET ACQUAINTED! Send us your name and address and we will mail you a beautiful selection of Pictorial and Commemorative stamps. Write today **SEND NO MONEY!!**

**EAGLE STAMP CO., 828 Smithfield Street
Dept. 22, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.**



"THAT SYLVIA MAKES YOU LAUGH."



CAPTAIN AMERICA

SUB-MARINER COMICS
MARVEL COMICS

FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE COMIC READING!



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EXTRA!!! AMAZING U.S. OFFER
SCARCE STAMPS NEARLY 100 YEARS OLD
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19th Century Revenue, Columbian Exposition Com
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also 99 all different others. Only 10c to approval applicants
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To Approval Buyers
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Only 5c to Approval Buyers.
BRYSON STAMP CO., Drawer F-1, Rossford, Ohio.

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Packet of WORLDWIDE STAMPS, Package of Hinges, Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale, Watermark Detector. Everything 10c to approval buyers
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TO APPROVAL BUYERS
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to approval applicants
SOLOW STAMP CO.
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To Approval Buyers
Free Customer Gifts
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Only U.S. Colonial Triangle (centered), also Cook Islands, Indo-China, Syria, Ivory Coast, Philippine "Slave Stamp", Haroni, Dama-e-s, E. plant & P. a. lands, Cambodia, etc. — ALL FREE with airmails in or postage
BELMONT STAMP CO., Dept. 85, Washington 10, D.C.

BLONDE PHANTOM

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY
MUST BE STOPPED!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OFFICER!
BECAUSE THE WAYWARD YOUTH
OF TODAY BECOMES THE THIEF
AND MURDERER OF
TOMORROW!



WHAT MAKES A CRIMINAL
AND KILLER? IS IT AN UNBREAKABLE
PATTERN, BEGINNING WITH PETTY THIEVERY
AND LEADING SURELY AND UNWAVERINGLY
TO A LIFE OF CRIME, ENDING ULTIMATELY
IN MURDER? JACK BERTELLI AND
THE BLONDE PHANTOM, SETTING OUT
TO BREAK THIS PATTERN, FIND THEIR ENTIRE
FIGHT AGAINST EVIL SYMBOLIZED IN THE STRUGGLE
BETWEEN...

"THE COP AND THE KID!"

"DOWN BY THE BRIDGE" IS NOTORIOUSLY THE TOUGHEST PART OF TOWN...

MARK, IF **THIS** KEEPS UP, THERE'S GOING TO BE A HOUSING SHORTAGE IN THE CITY JAIL!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE—THREE ARRESTS IN THREE HOURS, AND ALL WITHIN A FEW BLOCKS!

BUT CAN'T MEN LIKE THAT BE REFORMED?

IT'S LIKE TEACHING AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS!

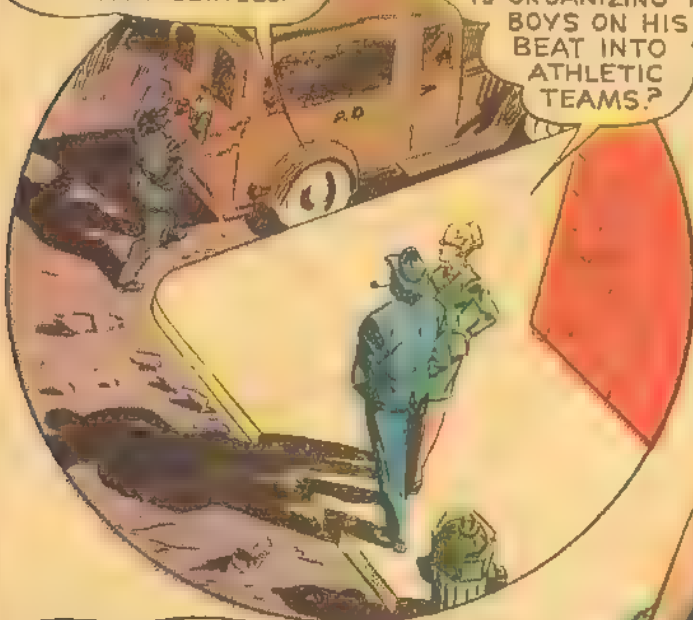


IT'S THE **KIDS** WHO COUNT... AND COPS LIKE JACK BERTELLI!

JACK BERTELLI — THE YOUNG PATROLMAN WHO IS ORGANIZING THE BOYS ON HIS BEAT INTO ATHLETIC TEAMS?

SURE, **THAT'S** JACK! AND IF I DIDN'T HAVE BUSINESS AT THE OFFICE, I'D TAKE YOU OVER TO MEET HIM!

PLEASE, MARK—COULDN'T I WALK OVER TO HIS BEAT AND INTRODUCE MYSELF?



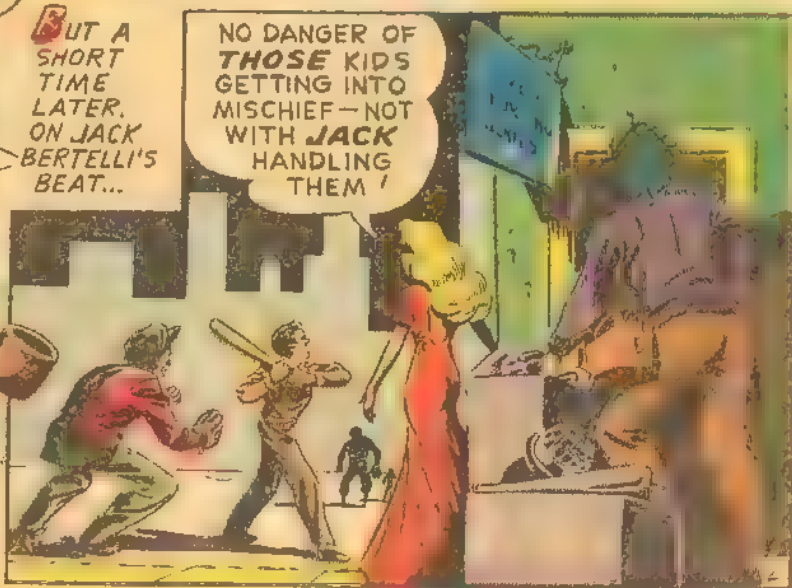
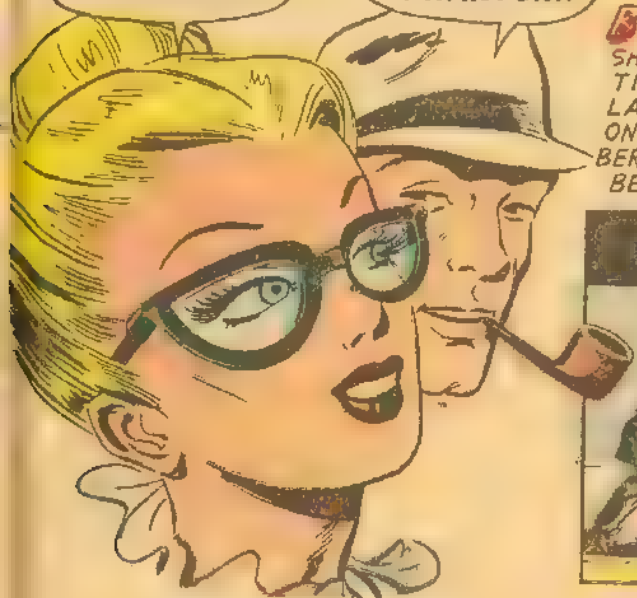
LOUISE, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THIS **CURIOSITY** OF YOURS REMINDS ME OF THE **BLONDE PHANTOM!**

MARK, YOU FLATTERER!

MARK, YOU FLATTERER!

BUT A SHORT TIME LATER, ON JACK BERTELLI'S BEAT...

NO DANGER OF **THOSE** KIDS GETTING INTO MISCHIEF—NOT WITH **JACK** HANDLING THEM!



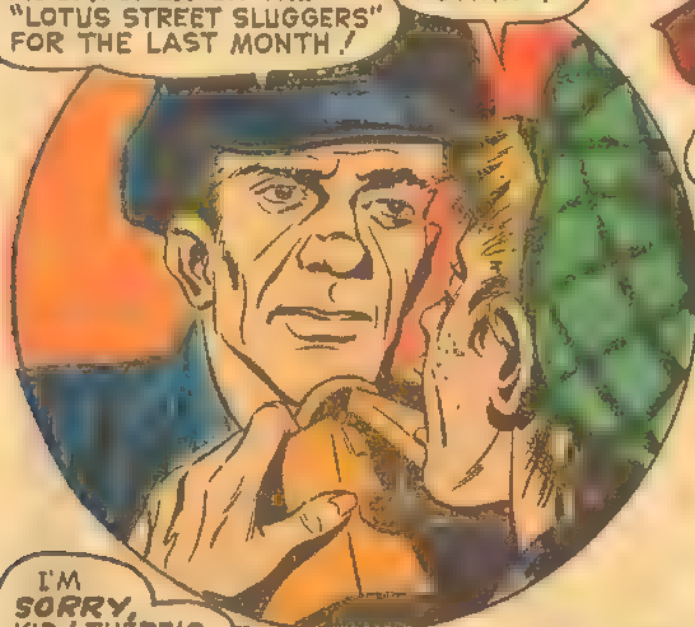
COME BACK! STOP-THIEF!

APPARENTLY, JACK HASN'T GOT EVERYONE PLAYING BALL HIS WAY!



JIMMY'S THE BOY I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SIGN UP AS CATCHER ON THE "LOTUS STREET SLUGGERS" FOR THE LAST MONTH!

LAY OFF, COPPER! I DIDN'T STEAL NOTHIN'!



I'M SORRY, KID! THERE'S NOTHING MISSING! I JUST MADE A MISTAKE!

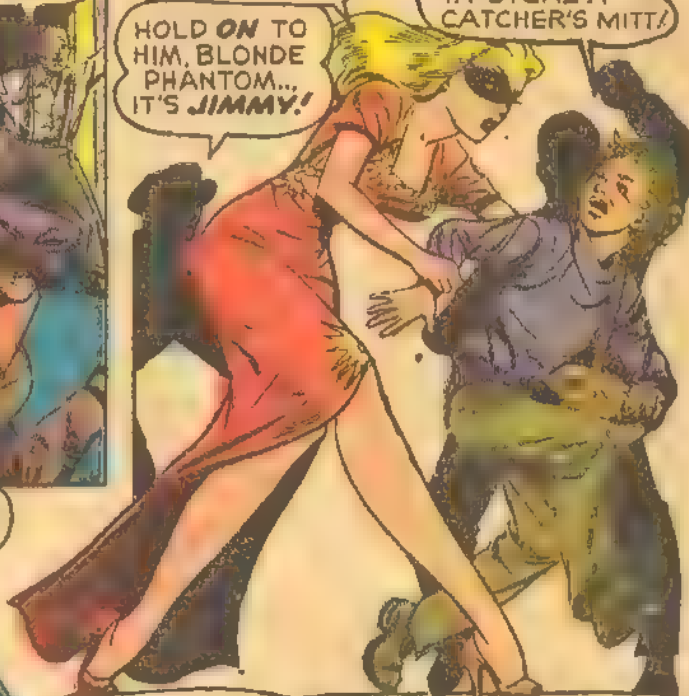
YOU OUGHT TO BE SORRY, MISTER!

LISTEN TO HIM, WILL YA? THE COPPER'S STICKING UP FOR ME!

WHOA!

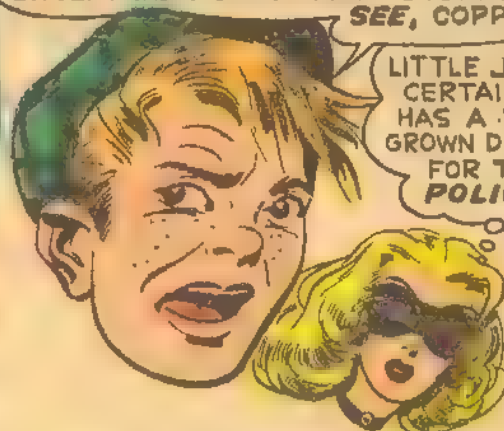
HOLD ON TO HIM, BLONDE PHANTOM... IT'S JIMMY!

HE WAS TRYIN' TA STEAL A CATCHER'S MITT!



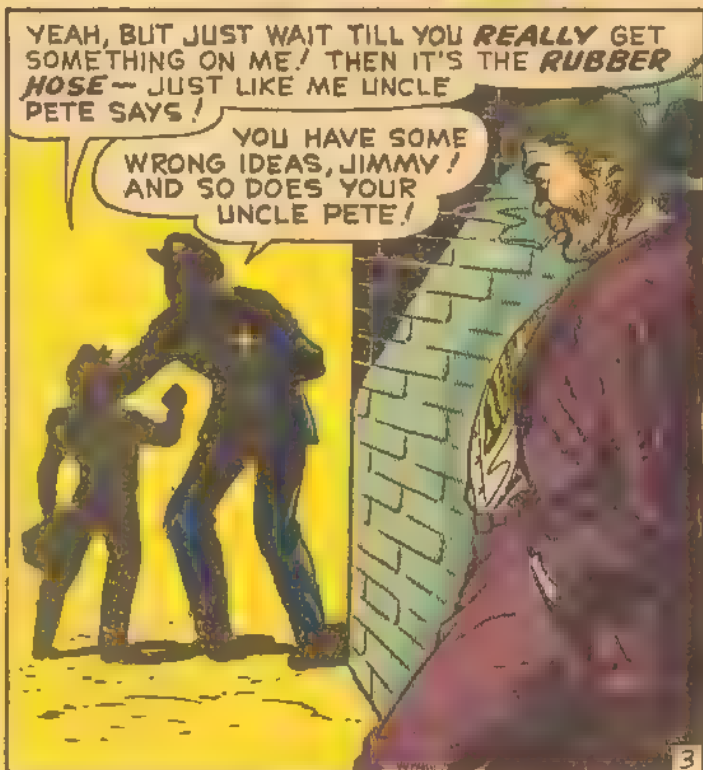
YA SEE? THERE'S NOTHING IN THE SATCHEL EXCEPT ME **BOOTBLACK** STUFF! YA SEE, COPPER?

LITTLE JIMMY CERTAINLY HAS A FULL-GROWN DISLIKE FOR THE POLICE!



YEAH, BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU **REALLY** GET SOMETHING ON ME! THEN IT'S THE **RUBBER HOSE**— JUST LIKE ME UNCLE PETE SAYS!

YOU HAVE SOME WRONG IDEAS, JIMMY! AND SO DOES YOUR UNCLE PETE!



COPS AREN'T SUCH BAD GUYS! ASK RABBIT, OR BUTCH, WHO'S CAPTAIN OF THE LOTUS STREET SLUGGERS!

YEAH? WELL, I DON'T LIKE COPS! AND NO KID I'M TAKING CARE OF HAS TO LIKE 'EM EITHER, SEE?

COME ON, KID! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE WISE GUY BERTELLI THINKS UP SOMETHING TO RUN US IN FOR!

THIS UNCLE PETE SURE IS POISON!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BLONDE PHANTOM! I'VE GOT EVERY KID ON THE BEAT SEEING THINGS MY WAY EXCEPT JIMMY!

MAYBE JIMMY CAN'T HELP HIMSELF!

YOU MEAN BECAUSE OF UNCLE PETE'S TALK?

PARTLY! AND MAYBE JIMMY HAS A REAL REASON TO FEAR THE POLICE!

BUT NEITHER JIMMY NOR PETE HAS EVER BEEN **ARRESTED** FOR ANY CRIME!

JUST THE SAME, IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA TO FOLLOW PETE AND SEE HOW HE MAKES HIS **LIVING**!

A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...

WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS CAN PETE HAVE IN THE EXCHANGE BUILDING?

QUICK! BACK INTO THIS DOORWAY!

IT'S JIMMY—SETTING UP HIS **BOOTBLACK** STAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE EXCHANGE!



THIS IS A COINCIDENCE!

I DON'T THINK IT'S JUST BY CHANCE THAT JIMMY IS SHINING SHOES OUTSIDE THE BUILDING HIS **GUARDIAN** JUST ENTERED!

BUT WHAT'S THE "**RACKET**"?

IT MIGHT BE A **NEW** VERSION OF AN OLD **DODGE!**

HELP! POLICE!

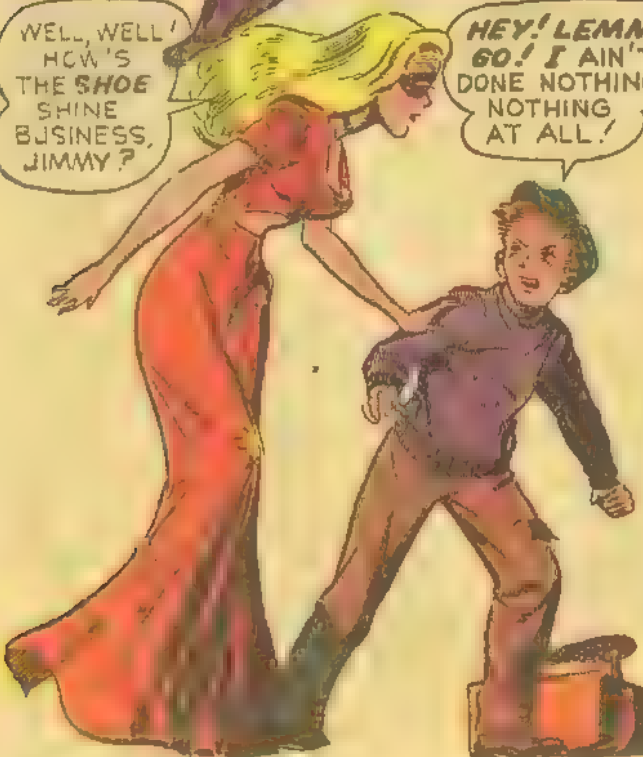


IT'S **UNCLE PETE!** **PICKPOCKETING!**

STOP HIM! HE'S GOT MY **WALLET!**

I'M A **COP**, BUT NO **TRACK STAR!**

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JACK! YOU COULDN'T CATCH HIM IN THAT CROWD! BUT WE CAN CATCH **JIMMY!**



WELL, WELL! HOW'S THE **SHOE SHINE BUSINESS**, JIMMY?

HEY! LEMME GO! I AIN'T DONE NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL!

WHY ARE YOU OUTSIDE THIS PARTICULAR BUILDING, JIMMY?

UNCLE PETE PICK'S POCKETS, DOESN'T HE, JIMMY? AND USUALLY HE PASSES THE **STOLEN GOODS** TO YOU IF HE GETS INTO TROUBLE, DOESN'T HE?

UNCLE PETE **SCARED** YOU INTO STOGGING FOR HIM, DIDN'T HE, JIMMY?

I AIN'T SCARED OF **NOTHING!** NOT EVEN OF DOING 199 YEARS UP THE RIVER, JUST LIKE UNCLE PETE SAYS YOU **COPS'LL** GIVE ME!

AW, GEE! A KID LIKE ME H-HASN'T GOT A **CHANCE!**

MY KIDS HAVE AN EVEN CHANCE, JIMMY!

IF THEY **PLAY T SQUARE!**

CHEE! I DON'T KNOW WHO I'M **MORE** AFRAID OF—THE **COPS** OR MY **UNCLE PETE!**

WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU **GO**, JIMMY, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF US!

BUT YOU **SHOULD** BE AFRAID OF **PETE!** HE'LL LEAD YOU RIGHT INTO ONE OF THOSE 199 YEAR JAIL SENTENCES!

OKAY! BUT I AIN'T **SQUEALIN'** ON HIM, **SEE?** I'LL JUST LEAVE THE BUM AND LIVE WITH ME—AH—**OLDER BROTHER!**

BUT LATER WHEN JIMMY COMES TO SAY GOOD-BY TO HIS UNCLE PETE,

YEAH, SO **THAT'S** THE WAY IT IS, PETE! YOU AND ME IS **THROUGH!**

SO YOU'RE **WELCHING** ON ME, EH, KID?

WELL, KID, I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE YOU A **PARTING PRESENT!**



JUST SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, IF YOU EVER WAKE UP AGAIN!

NO! DON'T! PETE!

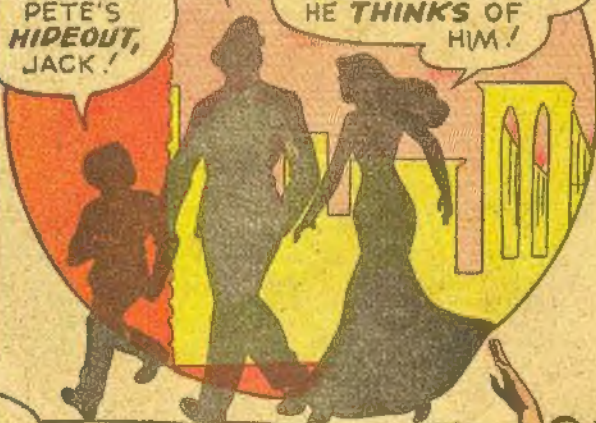
MEANWHILE...

BUTCH, HERE, SAYS THAT JIMMY HASN'T

ANY OLDER BROTHER TO LIVE WITH!

HE PROBABLY WENT BACK TO TELL UNCLE PETE WHAT HE THINKS OF HIM!

I KNOW PETE'S HIDEOUT, JACK!



COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE URCHIN!

CRASH!

HELP! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!

I'LL KILL YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

FRIENDLY FELLOW!



CHEE! I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE A DAME IN ME LIFE!

AND THESE ARE JUST SO WE DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU TILL THE WAGON ARRIVES, PETE!

OOF!

AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER, DOWN BY THE BRIDGE, WHERE THE KIDS WERE ONCE THE TOUGHEST IN TOWN...

I TOLD YOU JACK BERTELLI WAS A GREAT COP, LOUISE. BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE THIS ENTHUSIASTIC!

IT ISN'T ONLY THE BLONDE PHANTOM WHO LIKES TO SEE A COP TURN SOME REALLY FINE KIDS INTO REALLY FINE BALL PLAYERS!



All Wool FELT CUT-OUT INITIALS

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FREE CATALOG with ORDER

Big illustrated catalog of initials, emblems, banners, pennants, special caps, athletic and sweat shirts for clubs and teams; special club letters, emblems made to your request. Lists all types.

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		2 in.	10¢ ea.	6 in.	20¢ ea.
		3 in.	12¢ ea.	7 in.	24¢ ea.
		4 in.	14¢ ea.	8 in.	30¢ ea.
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		2 in.	11¢ ea.	6 in.	22¢ ea.
		3 in.	13¢ ea.	7 in.	26¢ ea.
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Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me the letters or numerals which I have indicated. I am enclosing my order, listing quantity, size, price and color. (All orders under \$1.00 add 10¢ for handling and postage.)

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HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



GOLLY... LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING. AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST, BOBBY



IT'S A CINCINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY



IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE. 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 901 Struthers 3, Ohio
☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.
☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

NAME
Address
CITY STATE

NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 360 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

